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HORROR

NO. 6

MYSTERIES

MARAUDING MONSTERS

HEAD of Horror

Also... **DOOMED**
to Live

IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM



THE SAVIOR

Hands move as if giving a Blessing. Eyes piously close and open. The Flaming Heart and Stained Window present on air of Holiness. Truly a spiritual exhaltation.

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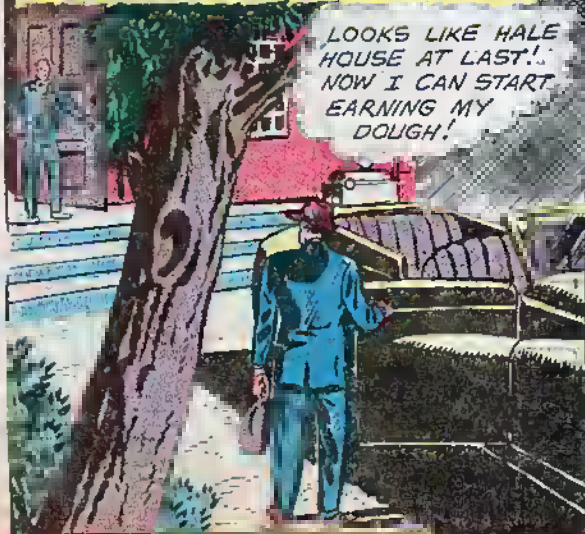
MAIL COUPON

Head of Horror

IT STARTED WITH BLOODY MURDER IN THE JUNGLES OF MALAYA — IT ENDED IN A TERROR FILLED OLD HOUSE IN DORSET! NEVER WAS THERE REVENGE AS HORRIBLE AS THIS TALE REVEALS...



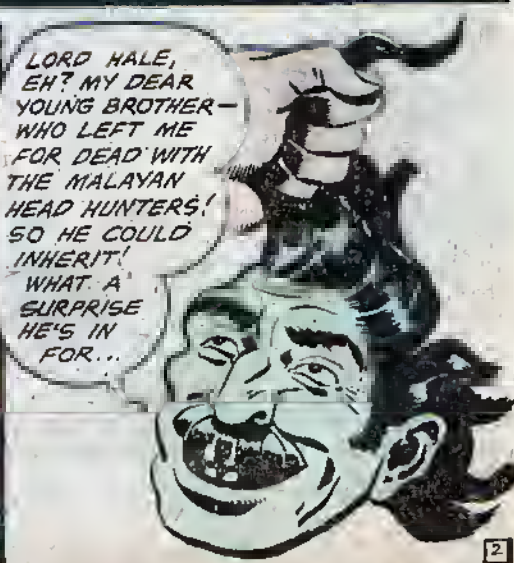
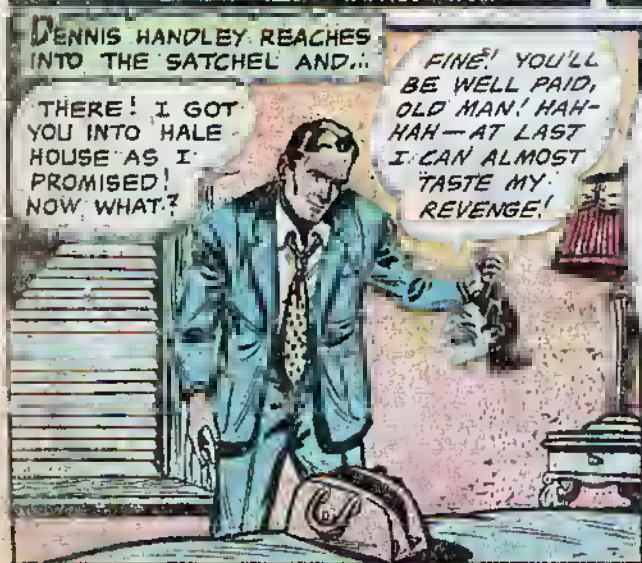
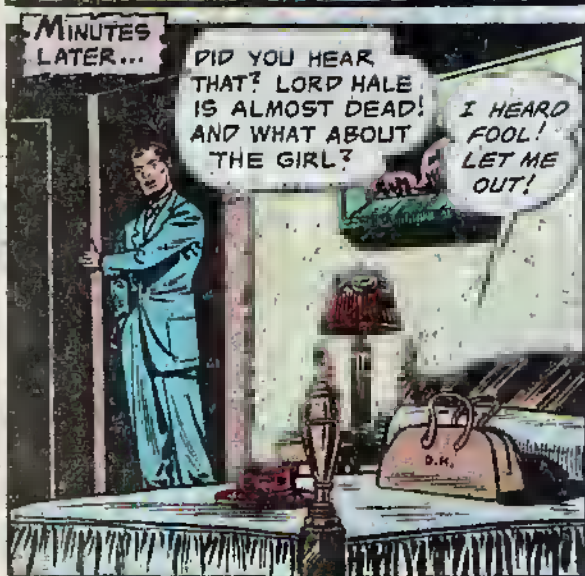
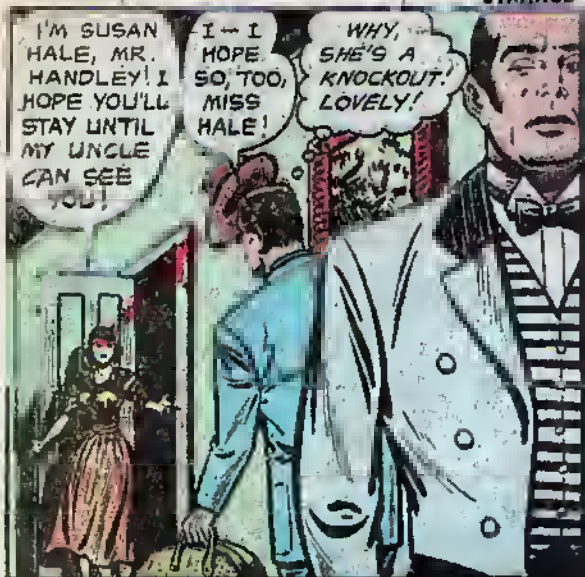
DENNIS HANDLEY, EX-G.I., ARRIVES IN ENGLAND ON A STRANGE MISSION...



LORD HALE IS VERY ILL, SIR! BUT MISS SUSAN GOT YOUR WIRE AND WILL SEE YOU AT ONCE!

MISS SUSAN! WHO IS SHE?





THAT NIGHT AS DARK FOG CLOSER OVER THE DORSET HILLS...

HURRY! THEY MUST BE ASLEEP BY NOW! TAKE ME TO MY DEAR, SICK BROTHER!

OKAY! THE COAST SEEM TO BE CLEAR!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE!

AND I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET THIS OVER WITH! GETTING ON MY NERVES! BUT FIFTY THOUSAND IS A LOT OF DOUGH!

STEALTHILY INTO THE ROOM OF THE AILING LORD, HALE...

BROTHER! DEAR BROTHER! ARE YOU AWAKE?

WHAT? MUST BE DREAMING! THOUGHT I HEARD...

SUDDENLY THE HEAD LEAPS FROM THE GRASP OF THE YOUNG AMERICAN...

N-NO! IT CAN'T BE! FITZHUGH! YOU'RE D-DEAD!

AM I? LOOK, DEAR BROTHER! THE SAME HEAD YOU SOLD TWENTY YEARS AGO!

HAH-HAH-HAH!

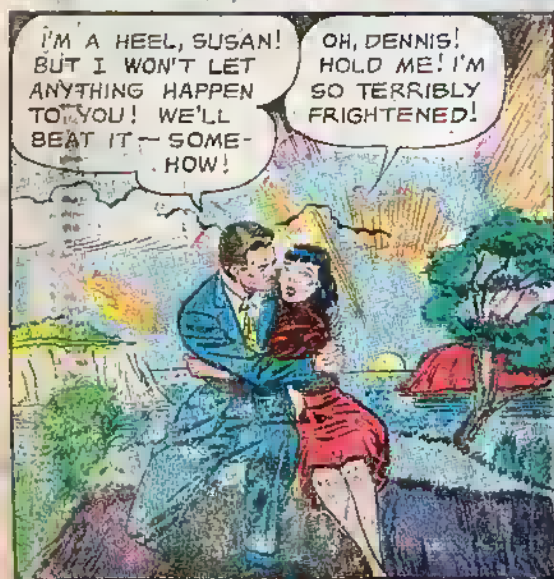
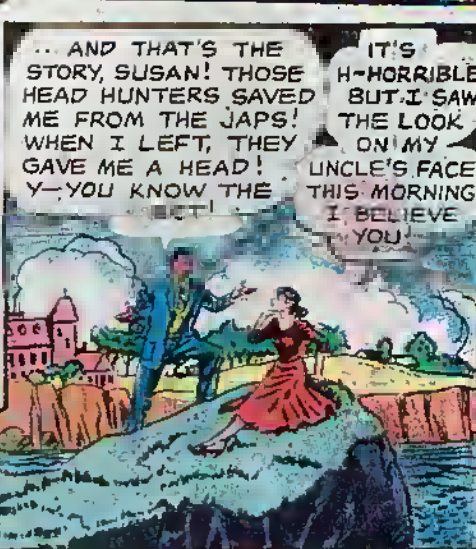
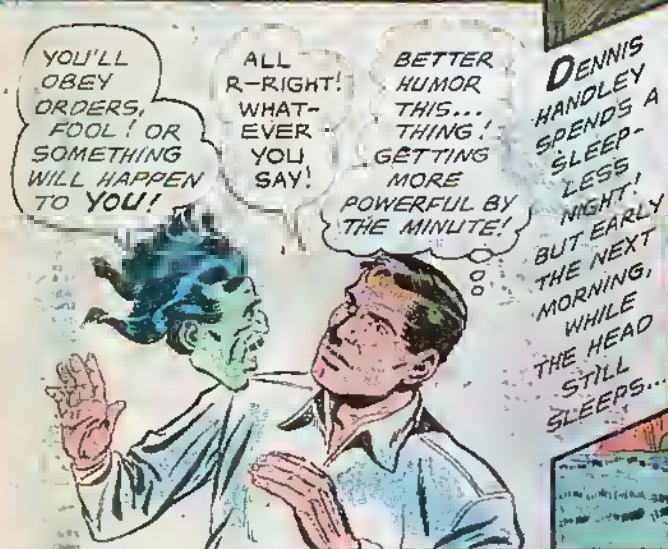
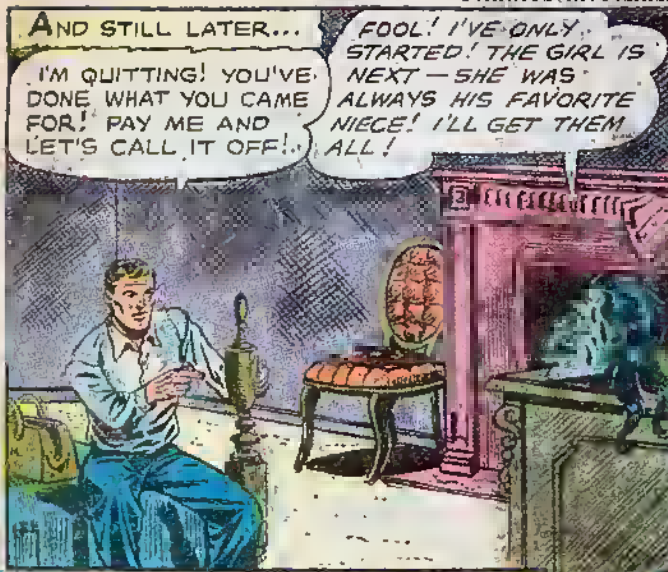
ADMIT IT, BROTHER! ADMIT YOU SOLD ME TO THE HEAD HUNTERS SO YOU COULD INHERIT! ADMIT IT BEFORE YOU DIE!

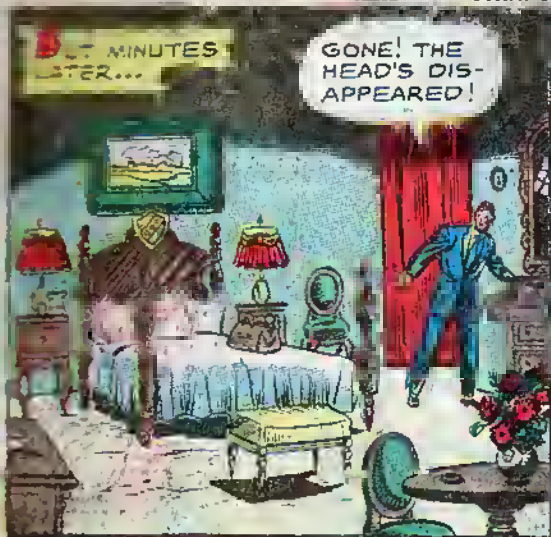
Y-YES! I DID! I DID! AHH-HELP! GAAAAAA.

A MOMENT LATER...

HE'S DEAD! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

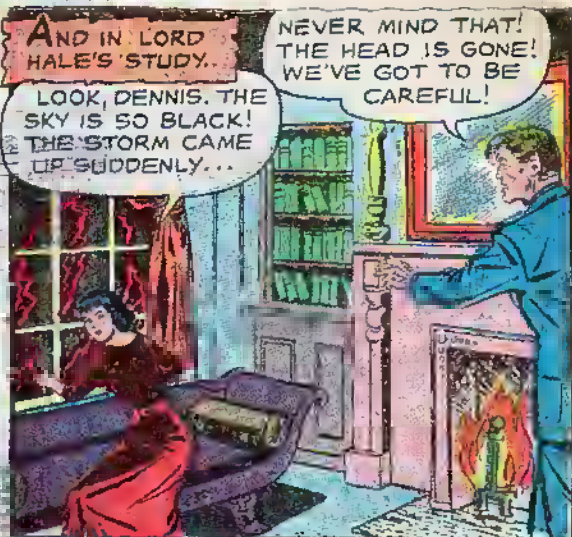
AH, THAT WAS GOOD! WE'LL GO, BUT MY REVENGE IS ONLY STARTING!





5 MINUTES LATER...

GONE! THE HEAD'S DIS-APPEARED!



AND IN LORD HALE'S STUDY.

LOOK, DENNIS. THE SKY IS SO BLACK! THE STORM CAME UP SUDDENLY...

NEVER MIND THAT! THE HEAD IS GONE! WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL!



DENNIS! THE OLD BURYING GROUND! THE CRYPTS! THEY B-BURIED THE HEADLESS BODY THERE!

WHAT! HE - IT DIDN'T SAY THE BODY HAD BEEN BROUGHT BACK TO ENGLAND! LET'S GO!



DON'T YOU SEE! THAT'S WHAT IT WANTED - TO GET BACK TO ITS BODY!

I SEE NOW! WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT! UGH - DEAD TWENTY YEARS!



THERE! THAT'S THE TOMB!

THE DOOR IS OPEN! WE'RE TOO LATE!

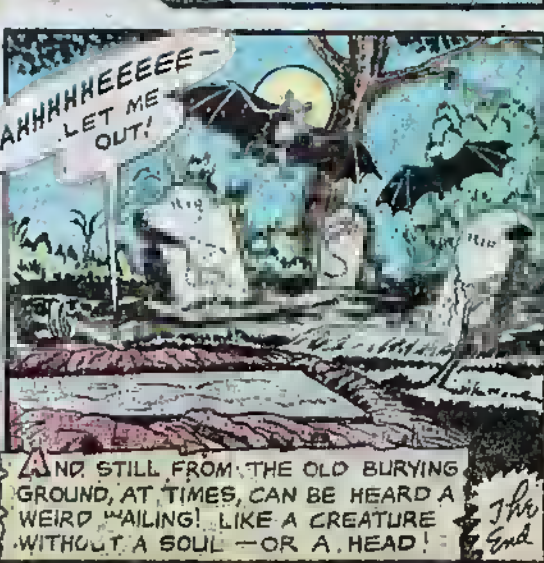
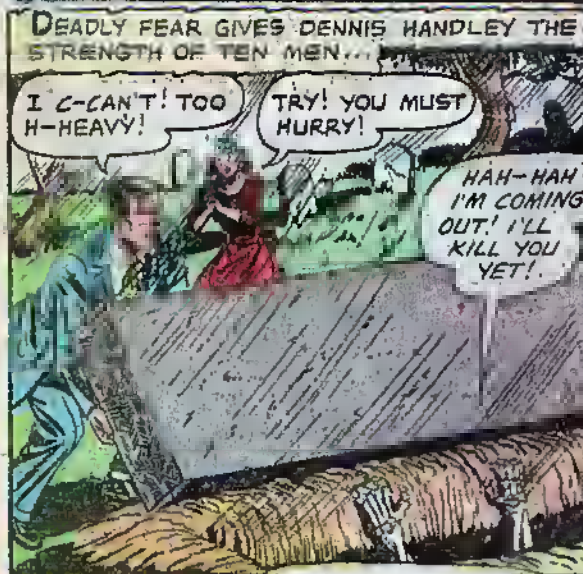


SUDDENLY...

YES! MUCH TOO LATE! I'VE GOT MY OWN BODY AGAIN! AT LAST! AND NOW I'LL KILL YOU BOTH!

OHH - SO HORRIBLE!

THE H-HEAD!





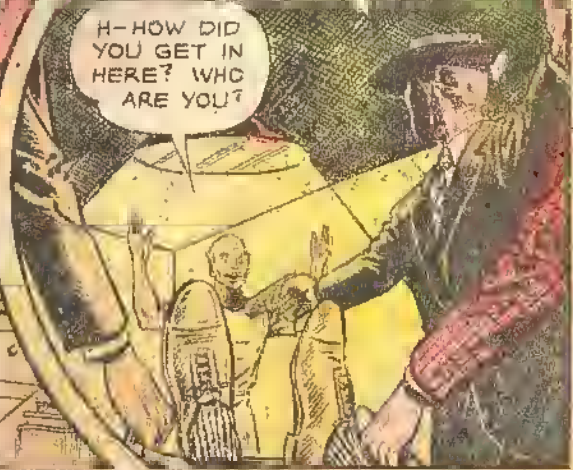
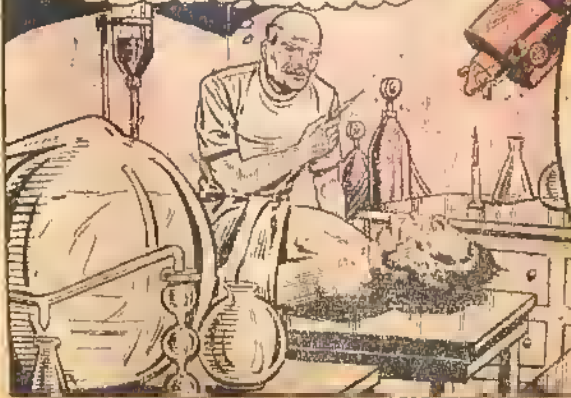
IS THE MYSTERY OF
LIFE IN THE SECRET
OF DEATH? — TO FIND
SUCH AN ANSWER ONE
MUST BE PREPARED TO
FACE THINGS ONLY SEEN
IN NIGHTMARE!

Scientist Francis Clayton had almost become a recluse... in his hilltop laboratory he dedicated all of his time and skill to the achievement all men seek... restoration of life... patiently he repeated, corrected and studied his own experiments... but his efforts constantly ended in failure...

OKAY, DOC, JUST STAND WHERE YOU ARE AND KEEP NICE AND QUIET! WE'VE GOT A LITTLE WORK FOR YOU...

WRONG AGAIN... YET THERE MUST BE A WAY... THERE MUST...

H-HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE? WHO ARE YOU?



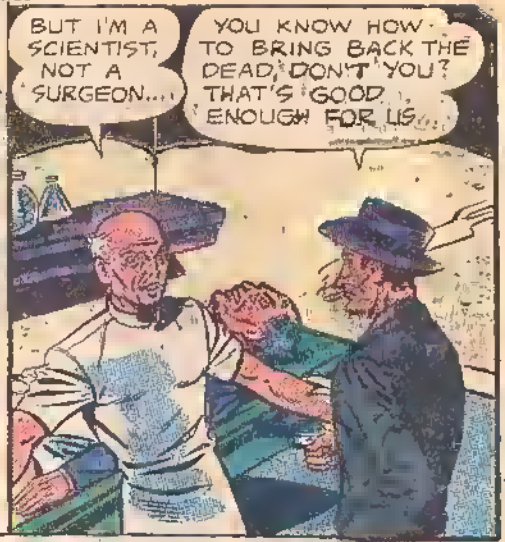
ONLY A FOOL GIVES ARGUMENT TO A GUN... CLAYTON STOOD MOTIONLESS, STARING INTO THE FACE OF CERTAIN DEATH WHILE FRANTIC THOUGHTS RACED THROUGH HIS STUNNED MIND...

W-WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

ACTION! GET READY TO DO A HIGH-CLASS JOB, PAL... AND A LOT DEPENDS ON IT!

BUT I'M A SCIENTIST, NOT A SURGEON...

YOU KNOW HOW TO BRING BACK THE DEAD, DON'T YOU? THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR US.



NOW YOU'RE SMART... GET YOUR TOOLS TOGETHER, PAL...

IF I DON'T, THEY'LL KILL ME, AND I'LL NEVER SEE THE FINISH OF MY EXPERIMENT.

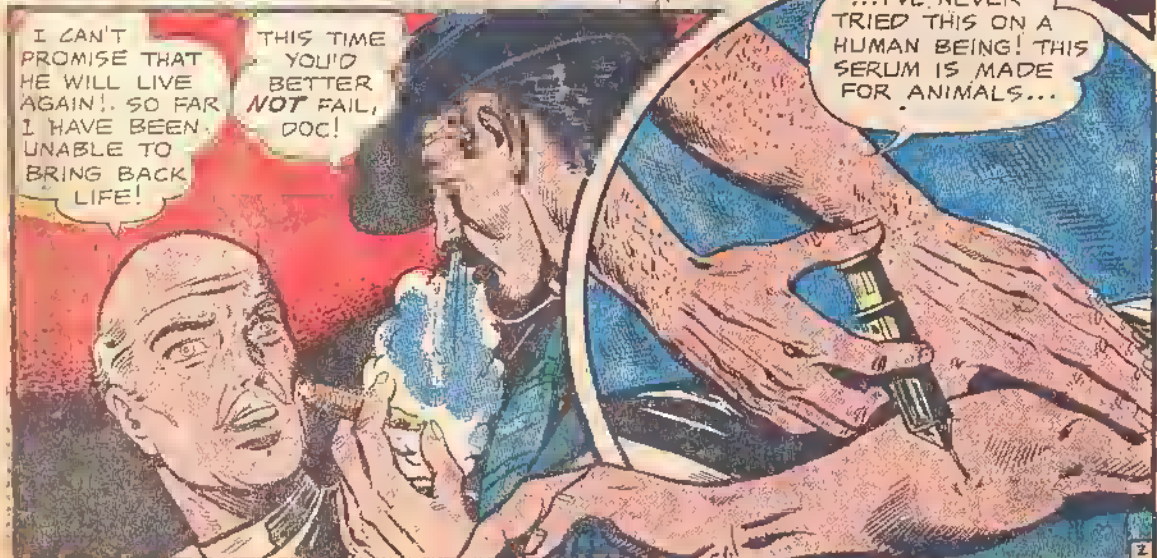
HE'S OUR LEADER, AND THAT BULLET IN HIS HEART SILENCED A BIT OF INFORMATION THAT THE BOYS WANTED TO KNOW!



I CAN'T PROMISE THAT HE WILL LIVE AGAIN! SO FAR I HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO BRING BACK LIFE!

THIS TIME YOU'D BETTER NOT FAIL, DOC!

...I'VE NEVER TRIED THIS ON A HUMAN BEING! THIS SERUM IS MADE FOR ANIMALS...



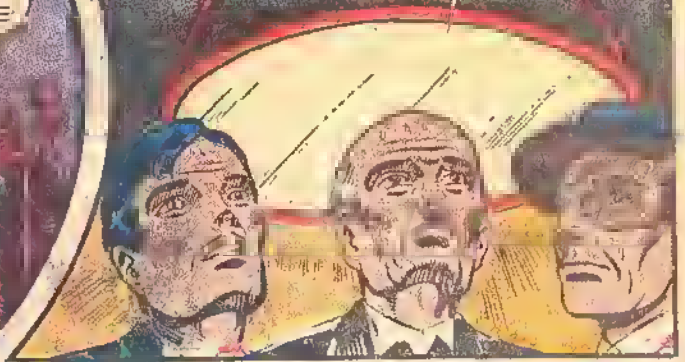
CLAYTON WAS FIGHTING FOR LIFE AS HE NEVER DID BEFORE... TO LOSE THIS TIME MEANT TO DIE... AND SUDDENLY A FANTASTIC THING HAPPENED...

HE MOVED! I SAW HIM!

PLEASE, GENTLEMEN... YOU MUST BE QUIET!

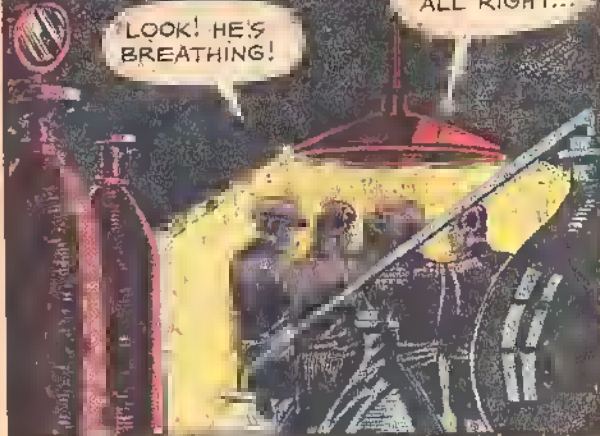
IT AIN'T RIGHT, BRINGIN' CHARLIE BACK FROM THE DEAD!

YEAH... BUT HOW ELSE COULD WE FIND OUT WHAT HE DID WITH THE LOOT WE ALL WORKED FOR?

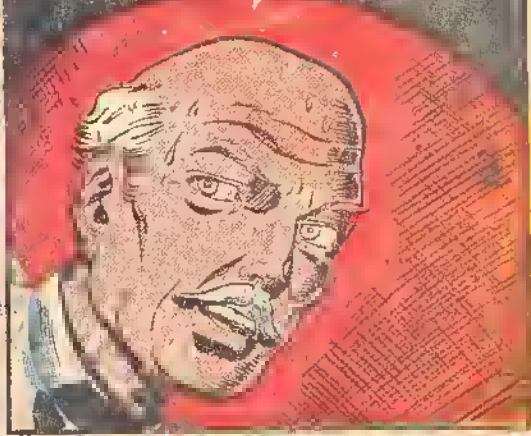


YOU DID IT, DOC! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT...

LOOK! HE'S BREATHING!



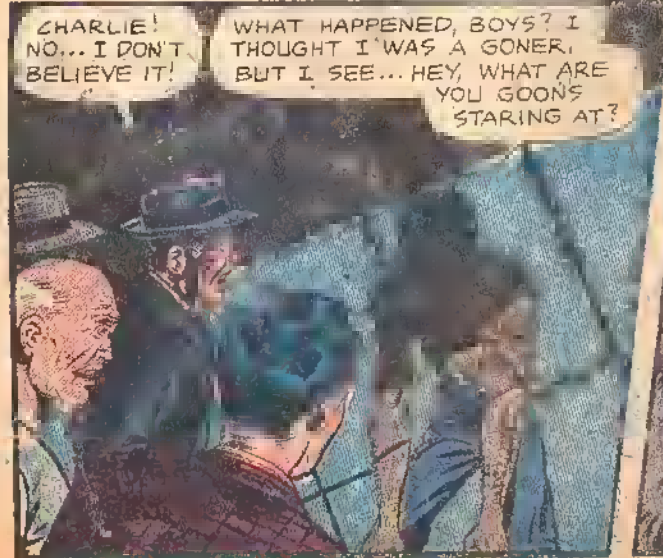
HE WON'T BE THE SAME... I WARN YOU... HE'LL BE... SEE FOR YOURSELVES...



CHARLIE! NO... I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WHAT HAPPENED, BOYS? I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER, BUT I SEE... HEY, WHAT ARE YOU GOONS STARING AT?

JOKE? ANSWER ME, SOMEONE... ANSWER OR I'LL FINISH OFF THE MOB OF YOU!

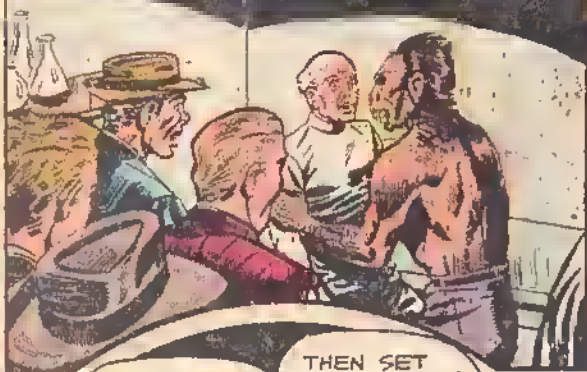


SNARLING WITH RAGE, THE BEAST-MAN CLUTCHED THE ASTOUNDED SCIENTIST...

NO ONE PLAYS PRACTICAL JOSES ON CHARLIE, UNDER-
STAND?

O-DON'T... IF YOU KILL ME, WHO CAN HELP YOU?

SO THAT'S IT, EH?

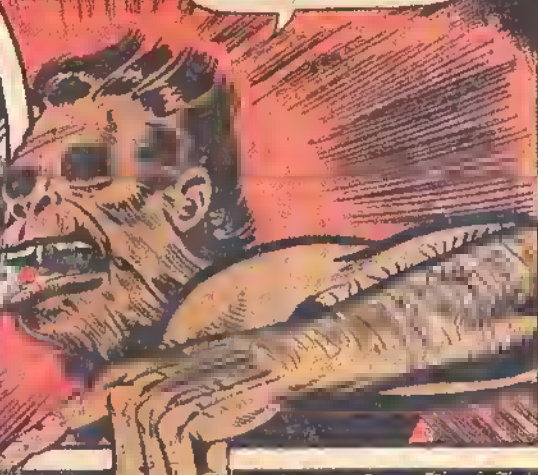
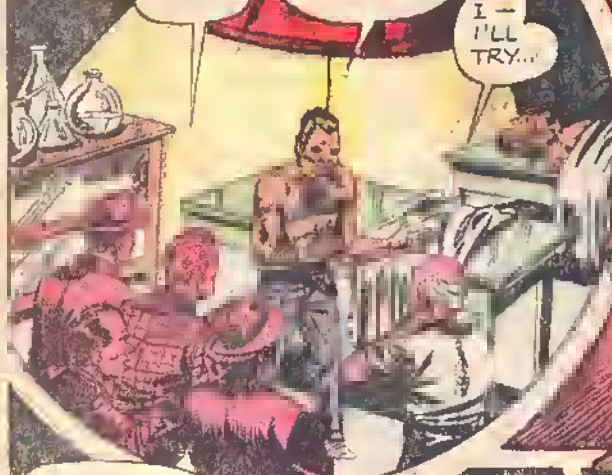


HE'S RIGHT, CHARLIE! IF WE BUMP HIM OFF, YOU'RE SUNK!

THEN SET UP SHOP, PAL! MAKE ME THE WAY I SHOULD BE, AND DO IT FAST!

I - I'LL TRY...

TWO OF YOU KEEP HIM UNDER GUARD WHILE HE'S WORKING! THE REST OF US HAVE A FEW PERSONAL PLANS TO WORK OUT!



GET GOING, PAL! TRY OUT A FEW THINGS WITH THE BIG MONKEY OVER THERE..

WHAT CAN I DO? I CAN'T BRING THAT APE BACK TO LIFE! BUT I'LL PRETEND...

ALL RIGHT, YOU BOYS. NOW, LET'S TALK OVER A FEW PLANS...

PLANS! WITH YOU LOOKING LIKE THIS, CHARLIE?



STRANGE MYSTERIES

IN GROWLING, INHUMAN WHISPERS THE LEADER OF THE THUGS HELD COURT WITH HIS LAWLESS PARTNERS... AND ALL THE WHILE CLAYTON WORKED AND PLOTTED OVER THE INERT FORM OF THE HUGE, DEAD APE...

DON'T LET THE QUIET BOTHER YOU, DOC! CHARLIE TOOK THE BOYS OUT TO FINISH UP A LITTLE JOB WE STARTED BEFORE HE GOT SHOT...

I SEE...

HE SHOULDN'T BE PERMITTED OUT OF MY SIGHT... I MUST STUDY HIM...

GO STUDY YOUR OTHER APE, CHUM... AND KEEP OUT OF OUR BUSINESS...

W-WHAT'S HAPPENED?

GOT ANOTHER PATCH-UP JOB FOR YOU, DOC...

FIX HIM UP! AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT THROUGH HIM ANYTHING THAT CAN HELP ME!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN DO THIS! I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW I BROUGHT YOU BACK!

STOP TALKING AND START WORKING, PAL - BEFORE HE GETS TOO COLD!

APE-SERUM SHOT INTO HUMAN VEINS... THIS IS MADNESS...

TIME PASSED AND A WEIRD EVENT REPEATED ITSELF...

WHA... HE'S JUST LIKE I AM!

LIKE YOU! I'D RATHER BE DEAD!

BEAST-MAN SNARLED AT BEAST-MAN AND THE ROOM WAS SUDDENLY FILLED, WITH NAMELESS SUSPENSE... THERE COULD ONLY BE ONE LEADER, IN AN APE PACK...

YOU STILL TAKE ORDERS FROM ME, UNDERSTAND?

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CHARLIE...

YOU DON'T SCARE ME ANYMORE, CHUM! I'M TAKING OVER THE LEAD IN THIS TEAM AS OF NOW!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

YOU DIED ONCE, AND I'M GOING TO FIX IT SO YOU CROAK AGAIN...

S-STOP 'EM! IT'S AWFUL!

NOT ME... I WOULDN'T DARE GO NEAR THEM!

ONE OF THEM HAS TO GIVE IN...

HORRIBLE... BUT IT'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA! A TERRIBLE IDEA...

HE'S DEAD! NOW YOU BOYS KNOW WHO'S THE LEADER AROUND HERE, DON'T YOU?

DESPERATION GIVES BIRTH TO INCREDIBLE THOUGHTS AND STRANGE DEEDS... CLAYTON SUMMONED ALL OF HIS COURAGE FOR SUCH AS HIS GUARD DOZED OFF TO SLEEP...

NOW... NOW'S MY ONLY CHANCE... IF ONLY IT WILL WORK ON A LIVING MAN!

ONE APE LEADER WILL NOT TOLERATE ANOTHER... THEN I'LL CREATE ANOTHER!

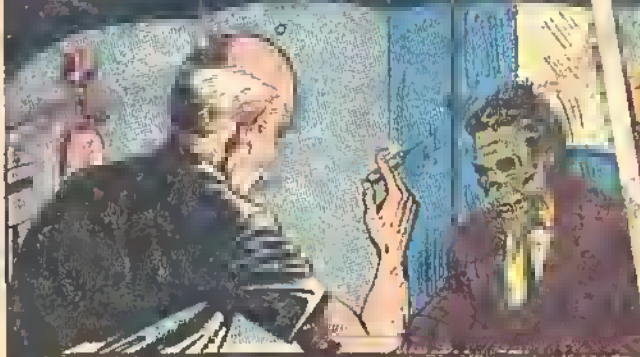


AGAIN THE UNEXPLAINABLE HAPPENED AND THE FEARFUL TRANSFORMATION TOOK PLACE...

JUST IN TIME... I HEAR FOOTSTEPS!

W--WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE? WHO ARE YOU?

YOU SHOULD KNOW... I'M THE BOSS!



THIS APE BUSINESS IS GETTING CONTAGIOUS!

YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE THAT STATEMENT, PAL!

I'M READY...

WHILE THEY FIGHT, I'LL REFILL THE INSTRUMENT...

YOU ASKED FOR IT, GOON!

THIS IS GOING TOO FAR FOR OUR HEALTH!



FRIGHTENED MEN PITTED AGAINST EACH OTHER MADE EASY CLAYTON AS CIRCULATED THROUGH THEIR MIDST, SLUTCHING THE SOLUTION THAT WAS TO TRANSFORM THE LABORATORY INTO A CIRCUS OF HORROR...

I'M NOT GOING TO BE LED BY AN APE! I'M QUITTING THE MOB RIGHT NOW!

NO ONE QUITS! WE'VE ALL GOT TOO MUCH ON EACH OTHER!

LUCK IS STILL WITH ME... THE SERUM HASN'T FAILED!

APES! WE'RE ALL TURNING INTO APES!



NOW YOU BRUTES TEAR YOURSELVES APART!

NOW WHO IS THE LEADER? ONE OF US MUST HEAD THE GANG, OR...

OR WHAT?



I'M THE BRAINS OF THIS OUTFIT!

NO! I AM...

I'LL SHOW ALL OF YOU!



I COULD ESCAPE NOW, BUT TO DO SO I'D HAVE TO ABANDON MY LABORATORY AND ALL THE WORK OF THESE PAST MONTHS! NO... I CAN'T... I MUSTN'T...

HORRIBLE... BUT ONCE THEY'VE DONE EACH OTHER IN, I CAN GET TO WORK ON MY REAL SPECIMEN AND SEE IF THE SERUM WILL WORK ON AN ANIMAL...

DIE! YOU BEAST!

YOU CALL ME A BEAST! YOU AN APE!



GUTTURAL SNORTING, GASPING AND INHUMAN MOANS OF THE INJURED AND DYING FILLED THE ROOM AS CLAYTON WATCHED IN FASCINATED

SOON YOU'LL ALL BE GONE!

EVEN YOU, CLAYTON! NO NEED OF YOU ANYMORE! IT'S WORTH BEING AN APE-MAN! LOOK AT THE STRENGTH YOU GAVE ME!

NO... NO...

JUMPING CATFISH! LOOK AT THEM! ARE THEY ALL D-DEAD?

GET DOWN, CLAYTON... WE'RE USING AMMUNITION ON THOSE MONSTERS!

YOU'RE IN LUCK, MAN! WE TRACED THEIR TRACKS FROM A ROBBERY RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR!

STOP! STOP! GENTLEMEN! MY EXPERIMENT! MY LABORATORY! YOU'RE RUINING IT!

YOU'LL HAVE TO COME WITH US, MR. CLAYTON... HEADQUARTERS WILL WANT THE COMPLETE STORY ON THE CASE...

ALL MY WORK WASTED—MY BOTTLES OF SERUM SHATTERED... MY LIFE'S WORK RUINED...

BUT SOON AFTER, THE LABORATORY DOOR SWUNG CLOSED, LEAVING BEHIND CHAO'S AND DEATH, A FIGURE STIRRED... BEAST EYES OPENED, A SHUDDER PASSED OVER THE BODY THAT HAD SO RECENTLY LEFT DEATH... BUT CLAYTON WAS NOT THERE TO SEE THAT HIS WORK HAD **NOT** BEEN IN VAIN!



The End

THE BELOVED WITCH

Marvin Howard

I LOVED her from the first moment I saw her modeling in a Fifth Avenue store. I still love her. I suppose I'll always love her, even with all that has happened. Even when I awake some nights bathed in cold sweat, and realize that the screaming noise is coming from me.

How could I know? She was lovely. Long-legged, with bronze hair glinting about her heart-shaped face like a bright nimbus. She was soft and gentle and kind. A lady. A perfect lady that had, somehow, fallen in love with me. That was my Marcy. So I thought . . .

I'll skip the unessentials. I met her and married her. We took a nice apartment in the upper Sixties, an apartment with an adjoining office where I could carry on my work. My work! I'm a psychiatrist, you see. That's a laugh, all right! Me a psychiatrist and all the time my own wife — but I'm getting ahead of the story. It was like this . . .

It started, for me, that night when I woke up and found her missing. The bedside clock said after three. I was dazed with sleep, groggy and bone tired, and none of it made much sense at first. She was in the bathroom, or sneaking some cold chicken out of the icebox, something like that. I drowsed, waiting, but she didn't come back. Gradually the sense of something wrong came over me. Finally I knew what it was. It was the silence. No one could move around an apartment without making a little noise. Marcy was not in the apartment! . . .

The clock said almost four by this time. I got up and went into the little kitchen. She wasn't there. She was nowhere. I tried the front door and it was still locked. That meant nothing, because she would have closed it after her. But where in the world could my wife be at four o'clock on a cold morning!

For some reason, I'll never know why, I unlocked the door and peered out. The corridor was empty. I walked to the fire-stairs at the rear, having some thought about Marcy having fallen, hurt herself, something like that. I'll admit I wasn't thinking too clearly. But I kept glancing

back, waiting for the whine of the self-service elevator. In our apartment the only stairs are the fire-stairs.

She wasn't on the stairs, of course. I went back to the apartment, getting scared now, and a little angry. It wasn't very considerate, I thought, for her to go for early morning walks without telling me.

"Hello, darling."

It was Marcy. She was standing in our bedroom, slipping into her nightgown. Her clothes made a filmy pile on the floor.

I stared at her. "Where in heck have you been?" I blurted.

She was snuggling into bed, looking like an angel. "I went for a walk," she yawned. "I couldn't sleep, darling. I wanted some fresh air. I just sneaked out without waking you. But I'm sleepy now. Goodnight, honey." And with that she turned over and went to sleep.

I was almost asleep myself before I thought of it. How had Marcy gotten back into the apartment? I was sure that the elevator hadn't come up while I was in the hall. It's old and creaky and I would have heard it sure. She hadn't come up the stairs. And outside our windows there was a six-floor drop to the street. I shook my head and forgot it! I was crazy! She *must* have come up in the elevator . . .

THREE DAYS later it happened again. Only this time I didn't get up. I stayed in bed and pretended I was asleep. I listened. And suddenly Marcy was in the room, making little rustling noises as she undressed, while the sweat turned cold on me. I had heard no sound. No door, no key, no elevator. Yet there she was.

I'm not a complete fool. I knew, even then, that I was up against something I didn't understand. But I couldn't dream the real horror of it. I thought that Marcy simply had fallen in love with another man, and had figured out a way to get in and out of the apartment without using the elevator or the stairs. Without even using the front door, though that seemed impossible.

It wasn't impossible. Because when it happened the third time I investigated the door, across which I had stretched a piece

of thread, and found it unbroken. Marcy was not using the door. That made less sense than ever to me. It meant one of two things — there was a secret way out of the apartment, or she could fly.

When I first noticed the story in the papers, I don't remember. It was in all of them. A series of strange murders were being committed over town. The victims, mostly men, were all of high reputation. All wealthy. And each one had been killed in the most improbable manner, behind locked doors. The police were frantic. Especially since there was one quasi-witness, a small boy, who swore that he had seen a black, shapeless thing fly from the window of one of the victims. The kid lived next door, and had been on his way back from the bathroom when he had looked out across an alley. He had, he swore, seen this "thing" fly from the window. Next day they had found a man dead in that apartment. The kid was lying, of course. But the cops couldn't shake his story. He said the black shape looked like a witch he had seen once in a story book. That caught on with the press. They called the murders the Witch Murders!

Then one day I faced it. I had to face it, because all of a sudden I remembered the incident of the Bible! My mother, long ago, had given me a little Bible. I had never lost it. When we first moved into our apartment I had placed the Bible on a table, but within an hour it was mysteriously missing. Marcy had been white-faced, sick and shaking, that day, but I had never connected the two. Now I did. I knew, somehow. The knowledge was terrible, but sure. I was married to a witch!

SINCE I didn't want to end up in a straitjacket, I had to handle it myself. And I was scared stiff. But it had to be done. I kept quiet, studied the right books, and one night I waited for her. I hid in the closet. The window was open and the moon was a big gold watch in the early spring sky. Through a crack in the door I watched the open window until I saw the black, amorphous shape clog it. There was a rustling of wind, and a sound like wings fluttering. I knew then that the kid hadn't been lying. My heart was a cold lump of gristle in me. I stepped from the closet.

"I know," I said softly. "I know about it, Marcy."

The black thing vanished. A faint smell of sulphur was in the room. Then my wife was smiling at me, as lovely as ever. Only her eyes were different. They were wild

things that crept around the room as though seeking a way out.

There was a difference in her voice, too, when she spoke. "So you know," she said. "I'm sorry, Jim. I love you. Really I love you. But I can't help being what I am."

"No," I said. "You can't. I don't understand it. I don't know how it could happen, or why, or why it should happen to me, to us, but I know what I have to do."

She smiled then. "And what is that, darling?" There was a soft menace in her voice now.

"Destroy you," I said. "What else?"

Marcy took a step toward me. "I'll kill you," she hissed. "I'm a witch, Jim! Why lie now. I married you because I needed the protection, the freedom, a married woman has. But I'll kill you if I have to. I—I won't go back down there!" She made a motion downward and I knew where she meant.

She took another step toward me. I reached into my coat and took out the Bible I had purchased that day. I held it out before me.

She screamed once. Then she took a step back and her eyes blazed with all the fires of Hell. She was afraid now!

Then suddenly she was gone. Before me was a giant cat. A dirty gray cat, spitting and clawing at me. Only the eyes were the same. The cat had Marcy's eyes.

I had the heavy cane ready. I reached for it, swung, and was about to kill when the cat let out a screech and sprang for the window. I don't remember too much of what happened after that. One thing I do know — the cat misjudged the distance. Something went wrong. And I remember the wail, the demon screech, as the cat went falling and twisting down to the street below. I'll never forget that sound!

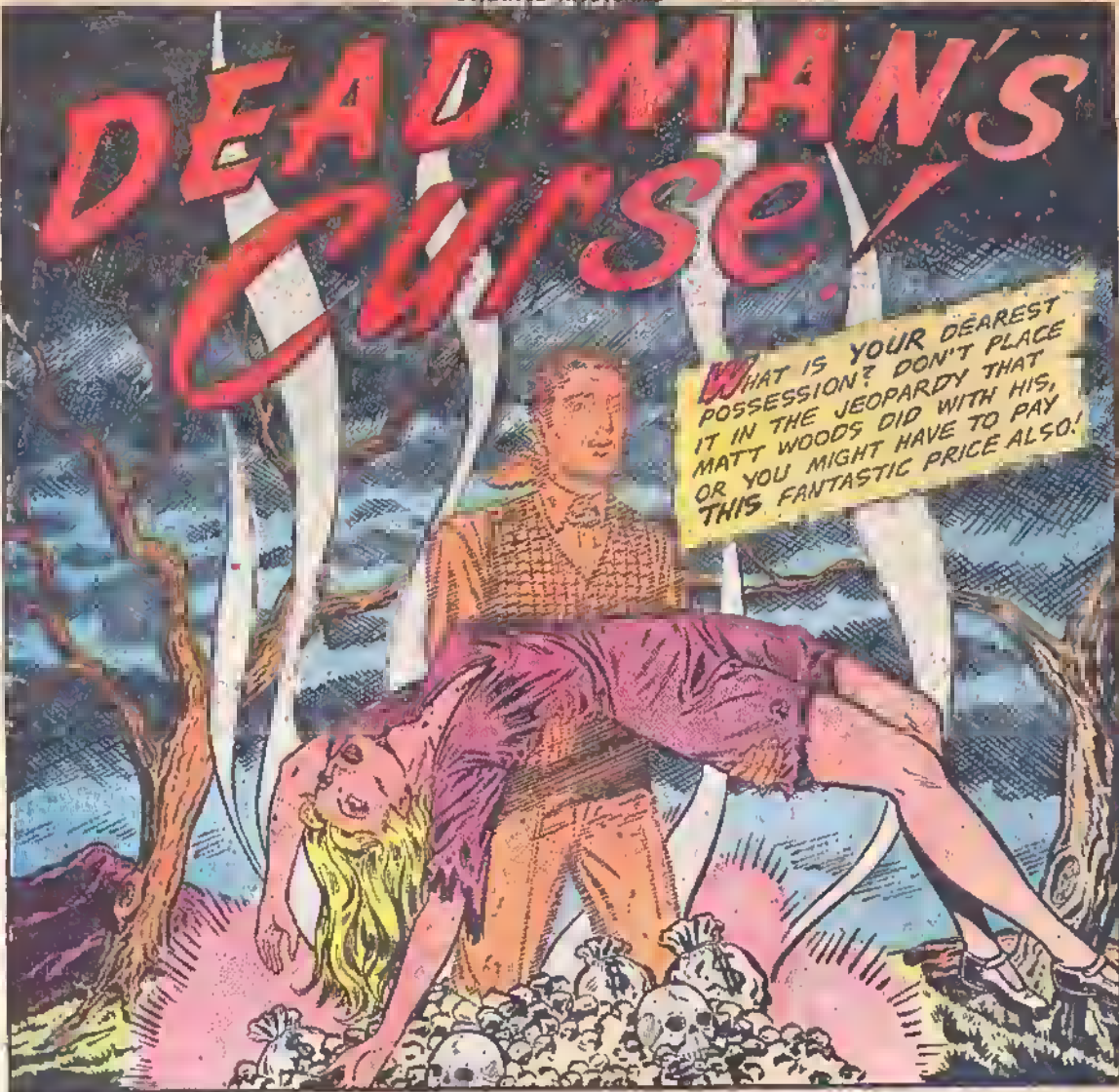
When I reached the street a crowd had already formed. I elbowed through and saw what I expected — the bloody and crumpled form of my wife, Marcy. She was dead, in this life, but I imagined that I could hear her soul laughing and gibing at me from some nether region.

A big cop looked at me in odd fashion, and I began telling him how Marcy had fallen. The look in his eyes told me I was in trouble.

I won't be waking up in a cold sweat much longer. Tomorrow they come for me. Then a man will throw a switch and the State will have done justice, they think. I pushed my wife out of a window, they said, and I must pay for it. The funny thing is that I don't care. I only hope that, wherever I go, I won't ever see my wife again.

DEAD MAN'S CURSE!

WHAT IS YOUR DEAREST POSSESSION? DON'T PLACE IT IN THE JEOPARDY THAT MATT WOODS DID WITH HIS, OR YOU MIGHT HAVE TO PAY THIS FANTASTIC PRICE ALSO!



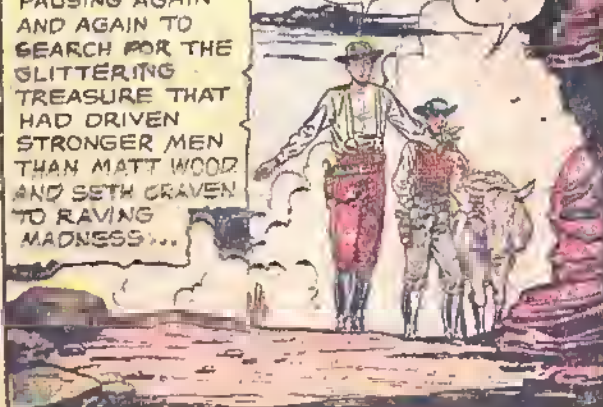
FOR MONTHS THE TWO FIGURES PRESSED ACROSS THE SEA OF BURNING SAND, PAUSING AGAIN AND AGAIN TO SEARCH FOR THE GLITTERING TREASURE THAT HAD DRIVEN STRONGER MEN THAN MATT WOODS AND SETH CRAVEN TO RAVING MADNESS...

CAN IT BE TRUE? MAYBE THE SUN'S GOT US?

NO... IT'S REAL, MATT! GOLD! AT LONG LAST WE'VE HIT IT!

...REMEMBER, SETH, WE'RE PARTNERS! WE SHARE FIFTY-FIFTY ON EVERYTHING—RIGHT?

OF COURSE, MATT. THAT WAS OUR AGREEMENT AND I DON'T BREAK PROMISES...



STRANGE MYSTERIES

BUT SETH CRAVEN
DIDN'T KNOW OF A
PROMISE MATT HAD
MADE TO HIMSELF...
A DEADLY PROMISE.

I'VE SHARED THINGS
WITH YOU TOO LONG,
PARTNER... BUT AFTER
TONIGHT THERE'LL
ONLY BE ONE OF US...

DON'T MATT! I'M
YOUR PARTNER!
DON'T!

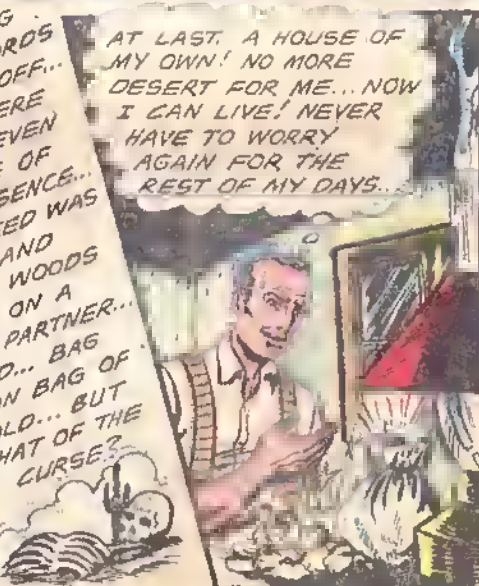


BE BACK, MATT! I'LL
RETURN AND TAKE YOUR MOST
PRIZED POSSESSION FROM YOU...
W-WAIT AND SEE, CURSE
YOU!



THE DYING
MAN'S WORDS
TRAILED OFF...
SOON THERE
WASN'T EVEN
A TRACE OF
HIS PRESENCE...
THE DEED WAS
DONE, AND
MATT WOODS
TOOK ON A
NEW PARTNER...
GOLD... BAG
UPON BAG OF
GOLD... BUT
WHAT OF THE
CURSE?

AT LAST, A HOUSE OF
MY OWN! NO MORE
DESERT FOR ME... NOW
I CAN LIVE! NEVER
HAVE TO WORRY
AGAIN FOR THE
REST OF MY DAYS...



IT'LL BE SAFE DOWN HERE...
AND NOW I'LL GO AND FETCH
TRUDY... A MAN IN MY POSITION
CAN AFFORD A WIFE...



...A RICH MAN ABOUT TO TAKE A YOUNG
WIFE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE THE LOT
OF A CURSED MAN... BUT THEN...

DROP THAT GOLD
POUCH, STRANGER—
OR DO I HELP
MYSELF?

I—I'LL
GIVE IT
TO YOU...
DON'T
SHOOT!

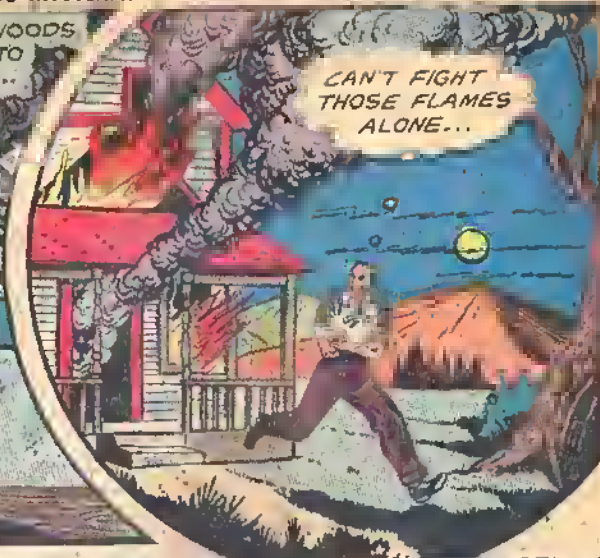


SHAKEN FROM HIS EXPERIENCE, MATT WOODS RETURNED TO HIS SHACK... HE NEEDED TO REPLACE THE GOLD HE WAS ROBBED OF... BUT AS HE WAS DOING SO...

SMOKE!
BUT HOW—?



CAN'T FIGHT
THOSE FLAMES
ALONE...



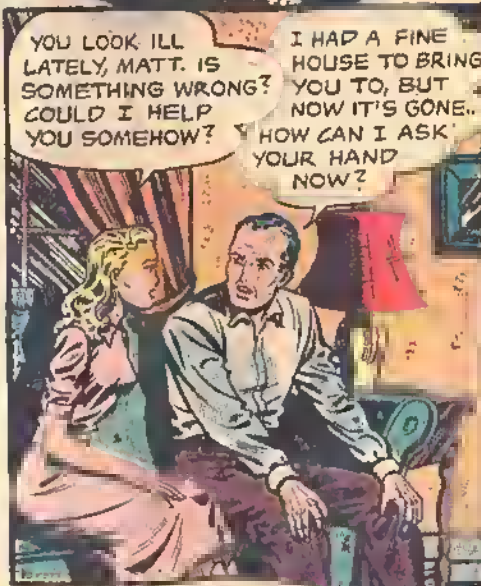
IT'LL BURN TO THE GROUND!
AND I WANTED TO BRING
TRUDY HERE... WHAT LUCK...
WHAT CURSED LUCK...



A CHILL
PASSED
THROUGH
MATT'S MIND AS
HIS OWN WORDS
SETTLED INTO
HIS THOUGHTS...
THE ROBBERY...
THE FIRE... DID
THEY HAVE ANY
CONNECTION
WITH A DEAD
MAN'S CURSE?
TRUDY KNEW
NAUGHT OF
ALL THIS...
YET SOON
SHE, TOO, WAS
TO WONDER...

YOU LOOK ILL
LATELY, MATT. IS
SOMETHING WRONG?
COULD I HELP
YOU SOMEHOW?

I HAD A FINE
HOUSE TO BRING
YOU TO, BUT
NOW IT'S GONE...
HOW CAN I ASK
YOUR HAND
NOW?



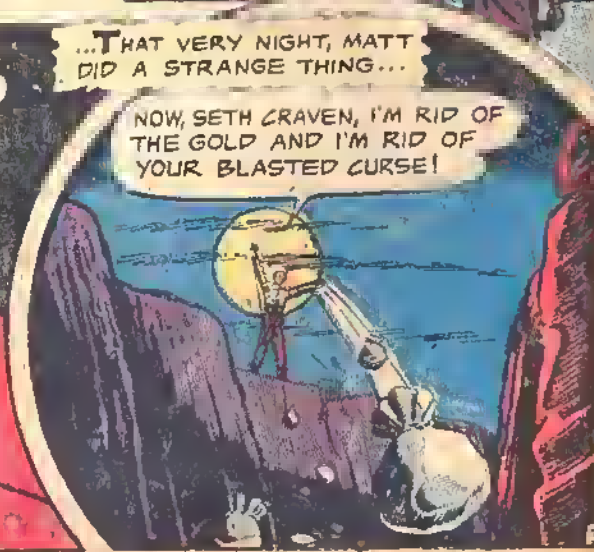
IF... IF IT WILL
PLEASE YOU,
MATT, I'LL
MARRY YOU...

HE'S WORRIED
HIMSELF ILL, POOR
MAN. I COULDN'T
TURN HIM DOWN
NOW!



...THAT VERY NIGHT, MATT
DID A STRANGE THING...

NOW, SETH CRAVEN, I'M RID OF
THE GOLD AND I'M RID OF
YOUR BLASTED CURSE!



TO BE SURE, MATT MADE A GREAT EFFORT TO REGAIN PEACE OF MIND... BUT THOUGHTS OF SETH'S DEATH CROWDED ALL ELSE OUT OF HIS CRAFTY MIND...



DEAD... OF COURSE HE'S DEAD... SO HE CAN'T COME BACK...

LOOK, MATT... NEW MATERIAL TO MAKE A DRESS. IT SAVES SO MUCH TO SEW...

MATT! WHAT'S WRONG? DON'T...

NO FINE POSSESSIONS! THIS IS THE KIND OF THING THAT BEGS FOR TROUBLE AND I WON'T STAND FOR IT!



ONE BY ONE MATT DISCARDED HIS POSSESSIONS IN SEARCH FOR POVERTY... OBEDIENTLY, TRUDY STAYED BY HIS SIDE, BUT HER HEART GREW COLD WITH FEARFUL APPREHENSION...

THIS IS JUST WHAT HE'D WANT! THIS WOULD GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO COME FOR! IT WAS THE THINGS GOLD CAN BUY THAT HE CURSED!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

HE'S MAD! MAD!

THERE'S ONLY THIS BREAD LEFT TO EAT, MATT...

IT'S ENOUGH. WE DON'T NEED MORE...



WHAT CAN I DO? HE WON'T LET ME OUT OF HIS SIGHT... AND EACH DAY HE ACTS WORSE... MOVING TO THIS SHACK, REFUSING TO BUY FOOD...

NO NEED TO PRETTY UP! YOU'RE NOT A QUEEN! YOU'RE A POOR WOMAN! YOU HAVE NOTHING — UNDERSTAND?

OH, MATT... PLEASE...



TRUDY PLANNED HER DAYS CAREFULLY... ATTEMPTING ONLY TO KEEP AWAY FROM HER STRANGE, CRUEL SPOUSE... AND ONE DAY...

I WONDER WHO THIS HANDSOME STRANGER IS WITH MATT? MAYBE IT WILL PLEASE HIM TO REMEMBER... I'LL ASK...

WHO IS THIS, MATT?

SETH! — WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?

PRYING AROUND, ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO FIND, EH? CAN'T YOU LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE?

BUT IT'S ONLY AN OLD PICTURE, MATT!

HEARTSICK WITH HER LOT, TRUDY MADE NO FURTHER ATTEMPT TO OFFER FRIENDSHIP TO MATT... INSTEAD SHE SPENT HER TIME ENTIRELY ALONE...

OH... YOU'RE STILL UP, MATT!

WHERE WERE YOU? WHAT WERE YOU DOING OUT IN THE NIGHT?

WALKING IN THE WOODS. IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT... I MET A STRANGER... HE LOOKED LIKE A PROSPECTOR... HIS CLOTHES WERE...

LIKE THIS? ANSWER ME! D—DID HE LOOK LIKE THIS MAN?

WHY, YES, YES, MATT, VERY MUCH!

CRAZED WITH FEAR, MATT RUSHED INTO HIDING WITHIN HIS OWN ROOM... FOR FULLY A DAY, TRUDY WAS RELIEVED OF HIS MAD RAVINGS, AND THE FOLLOWING NIGHT SHE SLIPPED OUT AGAIN...

TRUDY! WHERE ARE YOU?
ANSWER ME, WOMAN!

SHE'S GONE! PROWLING
ABOUT IN THE WOODS
SEARCHING FOR SETH!
PLOTING WITH HIM
AGAINST ME, IS SHE?

I'LL TEACH HER... IT'S
A SCHEME TO FRIGHTEN
ME! THE WOMAN I LOVE
TURNING AGAINST ME!
I'LL FOLLOW HER...

S-SETH! NO...
IT CAN'T BE!
SETH! WITH
MY WIFE!

I'M SO
LONELY...
ALL DAY
I WAITED
FOR THIS
HOUR,
DARLING.

POOR
LITTLE
TRUDY...

I'LL DO ANYTHING
TO MAKE YOU HAPPY,
TRUDY... PERHAPS
THERE'S STILL A
WAY...

OH, IF ONLY
IT COULD BE...
BUT HOW COULD
I EVER LEAVE
MATT... HE'S
SO ILL...

KEEP AWAY FROM
MY WOMAN, SETH
CRAVEN!

HELLO,
PARTNER...

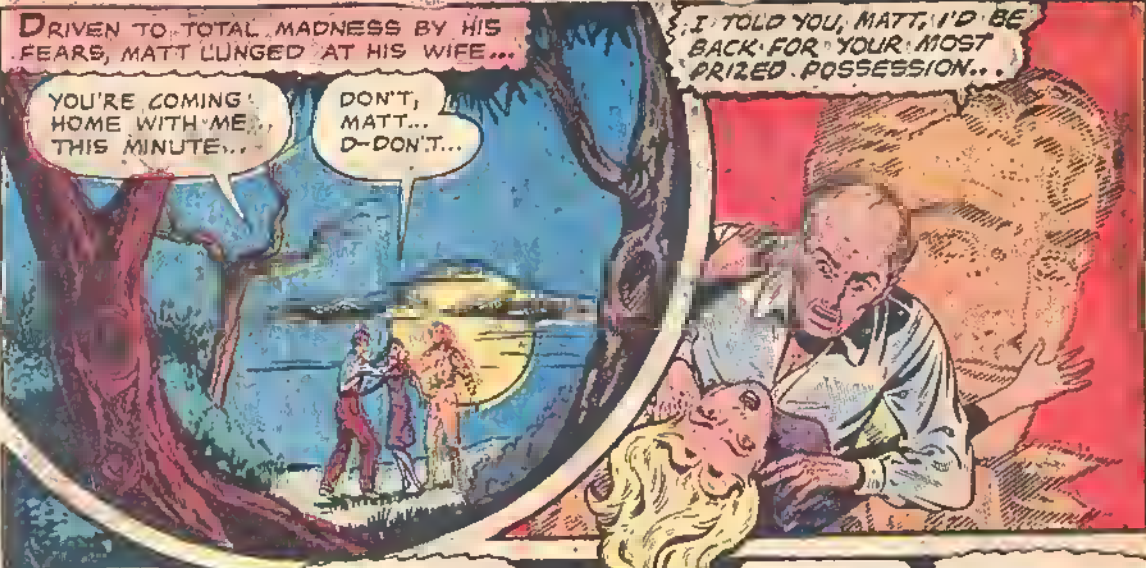
MATT!

DRIVEN TO TOTAL MADNESS BY HIS FEARS, MATT LUNGED AT HIS WIFE...

YOU'RE COMING HOME WITH ME THIS MINUTE...

DON'T, MATT... D-DON'T...

I TOLD YOU, MATT, I'D BE BACK FOR YOUR MOST PRIZED POSSESSION...



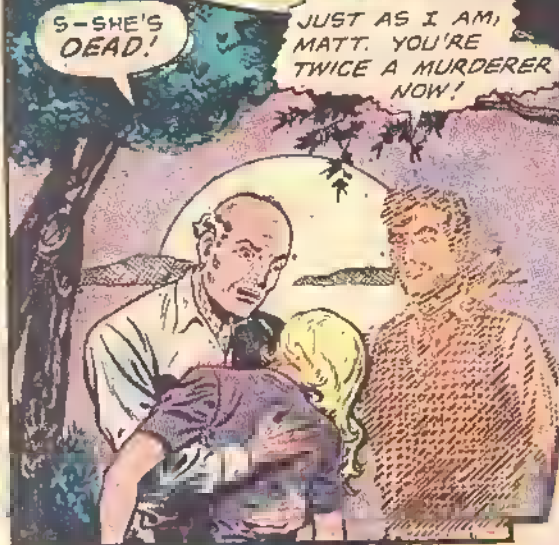
S-SHE'S DEAD!

JUST AS I AM, MATT. YOU'RE TWICE A MURDERER NOW!

DON'T TAKE HER FROM ME! SHE'S ALL I HAVE... DON'T GO, TRUDY...

IT'S TOO LATE, MATT. I CAN'T RETURN NOW...

YOU OUT-WITTED YOURSELF AGAIN, PARTNER...



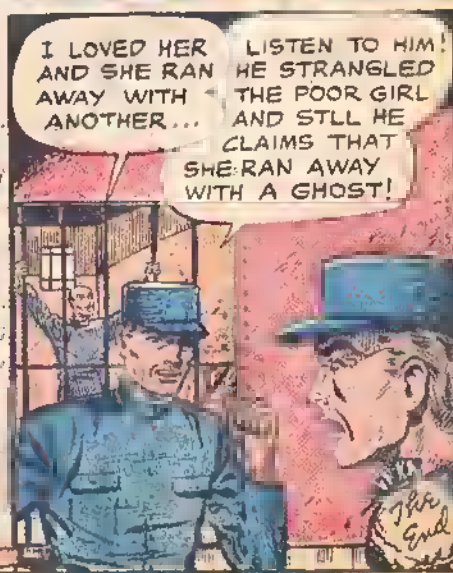
NO, NO! DON'T GO AWAY! YOU BELONG TO ME...

COME, TRUDY, I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT REAL HAPPINESS IS...

YES, MATT WAS SOON PLACED UNDER PROPER CARE. HE SPENT HIS DAYS AND NIGHTS RAVING AND SCREAMING HIS PLIGHT... BUT IT WAS TOO LATE THEN... MUCH TOO LATE...

I LOVED HER AND SHE RAN AWAY WITH ANOTHER...

LISTEN TO HIM! HE STRANGLED THE POOR GIRL AND STILL HE CLAIMS THAT SHE RAN AWAY WITH A GHOST!



DOOMED to LIVE!

EVIL BEGETS MORE EVIL UNTIL THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM A VICIOUS CYCLE THAT SHOULD END IN DEATH, BUT DOESN'T... ALWAYS!

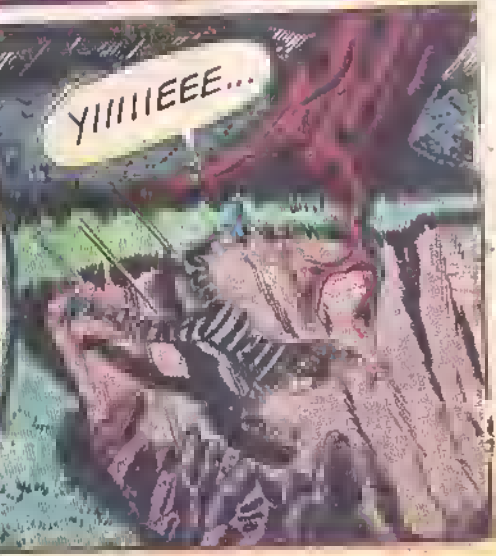


WE'LL GRANT, DEAR READER, THAT JOHN WELLS WAS NOT AN AVERAGE MAN... HIS PAST WAS BLACKENED WITH CRIME, HIS PRESENT STEEPED IN PERIL... BUT IT IS HIS FUTURE THAT HOLDS AN EVIL FASCINATION... LET US LOOK INTO IT...

AT LAST, THEIR LASTED GUNS CAN'T REACH ME NOW...



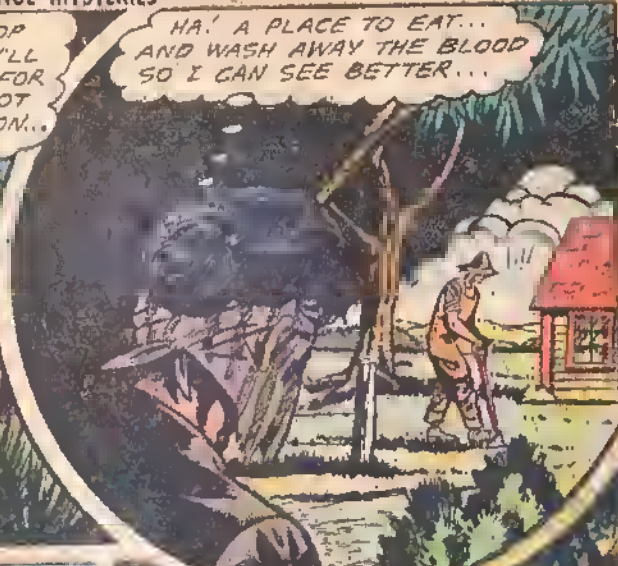
YIIIIIEEE...



WHEN WELLS RETURNED TO CONSCIOUSNESS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT, HIS TREMBLING FINGERS EXPLORED HIS FACE AND FEAR DRUMMED THROUGH HIS BRAIN, BUT THERE WAS NO TIME FOR SELF PITY...

IF I STOP NOW THEY'LL FIND ME FOR SURE... GOT TO MOVE ON...

HA! A PLACE TO EAT... AND WASH AWAY THE BLOOD SO I CAN SEE BETTER...

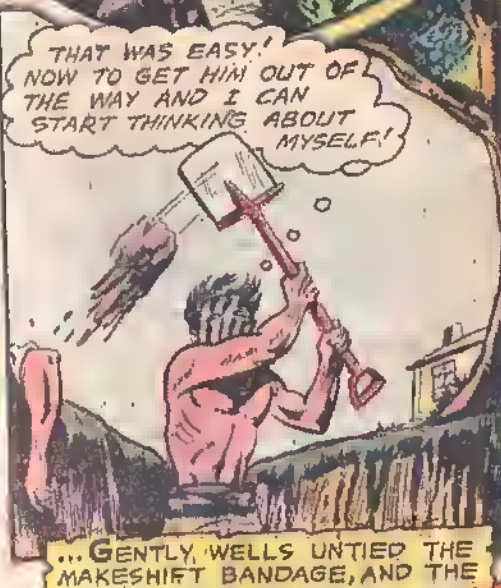


AHHHHHGG...

TOO BAD, CHUMP, BUT I'M TAKING OVER, AND I DON'T NEED COMPANY!



THAT WAS EASY! NOW TO GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY AND I CAN START THINKING ABOUT MYSELF!



NO ONE STANDS IN MY WAY! THAT'S HOW TO LIVE! I'LL JUST FIX UP THIS FACE OF MINE AND LIFE BEGINS ANEW!

... GENTLY, WELLS UNTIED THE MAKESHIFT BANDAGE, AND THE MIRROR TOLD THE STORY... YES, INDEED, LIFE WAS TO BEGIN ANEW FOR JOHN WELLS...



EMPTY DAYS PASSED... AND
THE HATE OF HIS OWN
APPEARANCE SEEPED
INTO HIS EVIL HEART...
POISONING HIS MIND...
AGAINST EVERY LIVING
THING...

GIT, YOU CUR!
DON'T COME
SLINKING UP
TO ME FOR
CHOW!



CUSS IT! NO
AMMUNITION!
CAN'T SHOOT
HIM...

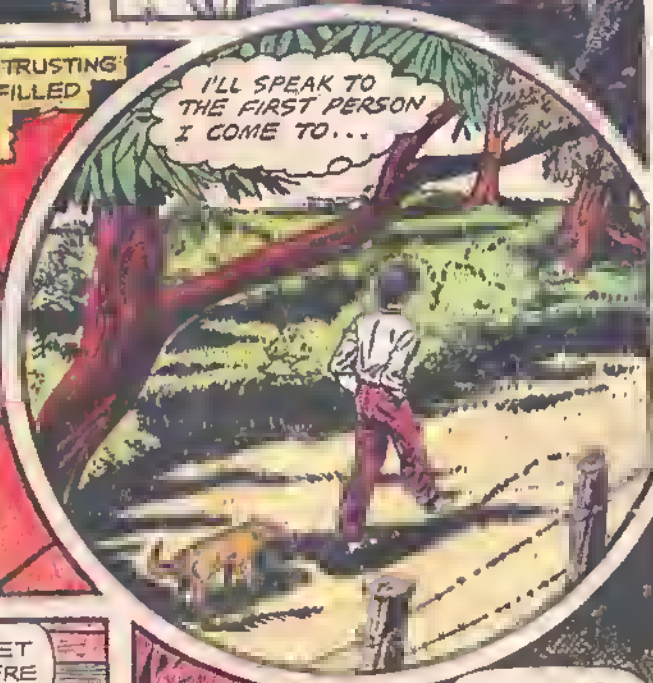


HIS LIFE SPARED BY SHEER LUCK, THE TRUSTING
DOG ATTACHED HIMSELF TO THE HATE-FILLED
CRIMINAL... UNPETTED AND UNFED HE
STAYED... ON HIS FAITHFUL EARS FELL
THE WORDS OF JOHN WELLS...

TIRED OF
BEING ALONE...



I'LL SPEAK TO
THE FIRST PERSON
I COME TO...



I'M YOUR
NEIGHBOR...

EEK! GO... GET
AWAY FROM HERE
BEFORE I CALL
THE POLICE!



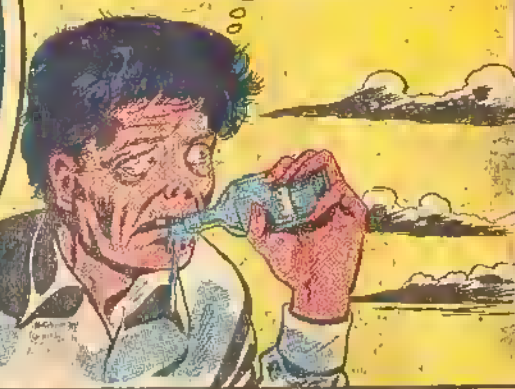
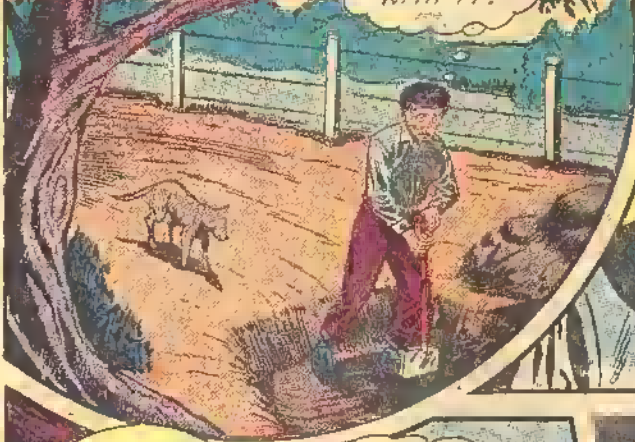
BLAST HER...
WON'T BE FRIENDLY, EH?
WHAT ARE YOU
LOOKING AT?



...THAT VERY SUNLESS DAY, JOHN WELLS MADE AN UNUSUAL DECISION! A TWISTED FORM OF REVENGE ON LIFE...

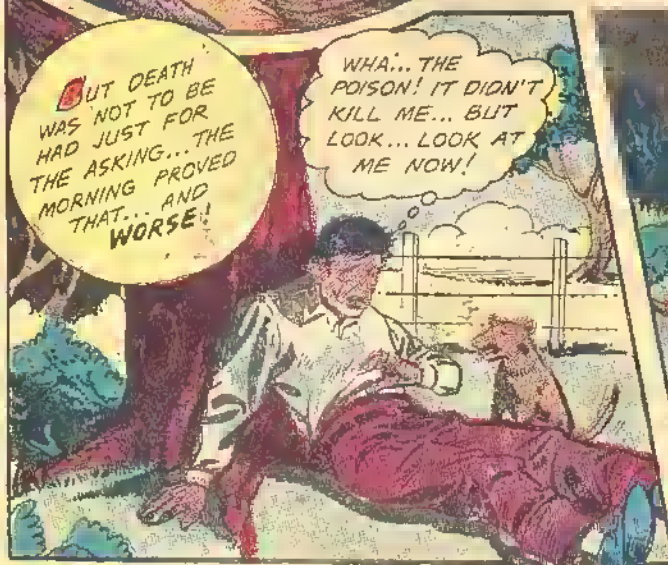
NOT WORTH THE EFFORT OF BREATHING! I HATE LIFE AND I'M THROUGH WITH IT!

IT'S MY LIFE TO DO AS I PLEASE WITH... AND I CHOOSE TO GET RID OF IT!

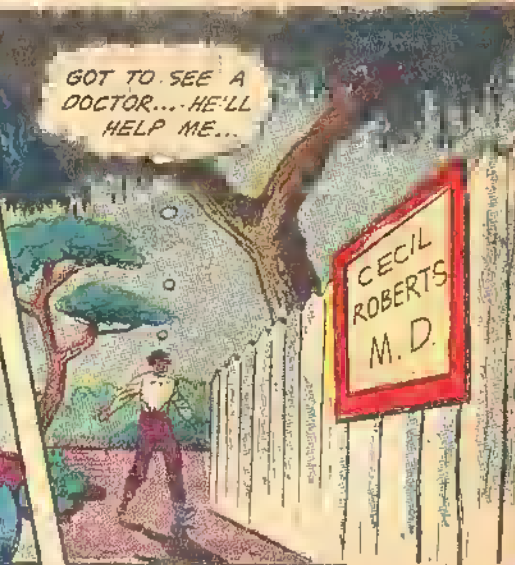


BUT DEATH WAS NOT TO BE HAD JUST FOR THE ASKING... THE MORNING PROVED THAT... AND WORSE!

WHA... THE POISON! IT DIDN'T KILL ME... BUT LOOK... LOOK AT ME NOW!

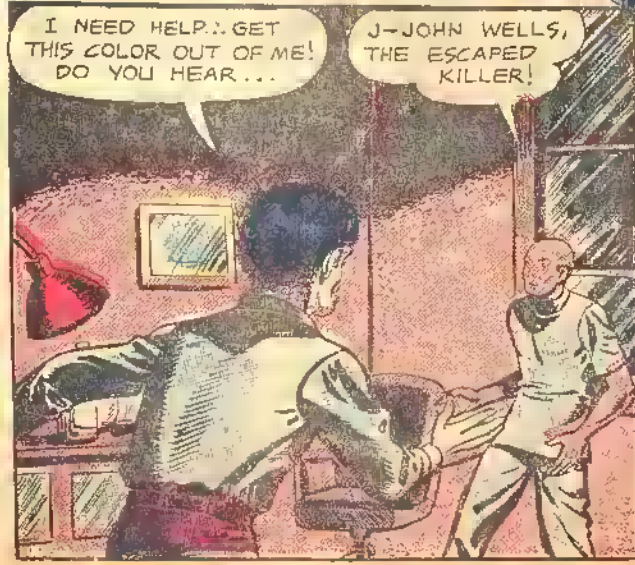


GOT TO SEE A DOCTOR... HE'LL HELP ME...



I NEED HELP... GET THIS COLOR OUT OF ME! DO YOU HEAR...

J-JOHN WELLS, THE ESCAPED KILLER!



ARE YOU GOING TO HELP ME, OR AM I GOING TO FINISH YOU?

IT'S AGAINST MY OATH TO HELP A CRIMINAL, WELLS!



WELLS' TRIGGER-MIND SAW AN EVIL SOLUTION TO HIS BAD PLAN... IN BRIEF, HE FINISHED OFF THE HONORABLE MAN OF MEDICINE AND GLEEFULLY TURNED HIMSELF OVER TO THE LAW...

WE'LL FIX YOU AS SOON AS THE CORONER'S REPORT COMES THROUGH, UGLY!

WHY WAIT? KILL ME NOW!

DEATH DUE TO NATURAL CAUSES... HEART ATTACK! GET GOING, YOU PHONY—AND KEEP AWAY FROM THIS PLACE!

NO... NO... KILL ME!



DEATH, AS EVERYTHING ELSE, AVOIDED JOHN WELLS... EVERYTHING EXCEPT A STRANGE MAN WHO NEVER LEFT HIS SIDE...

SITTING BY MY GRAVE GETS ME NOTHING... EXCEPT COLD...



COLD! THAT'S IT... AND IT'LL GET COLDER TONIGHT! THAT WILL DO IT! AT LAST I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY!



NOW I LAY ME DOWN AND FREEZE... PERHAPS IT'S WHAT SPUN AROUND WELLS' WARPED BRAIN HE STRETCHED OUT TO THE COLD EARTH HIS OWN GRAVE.

COLDER... IT'S COLDER... I CAN HARDLY FEEL...



THE FAITHFUL CUR WATCHED HIS CRUEL FRIEND AS THE BITTER MAN TRAILED OFF INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS. THEN, QUIETLY, HE TOO, SLIPPED INTO THE GRAVE AND CURLED HIMSELF OVER THE INERT FORM... AND AT DAWN...

YOU! YOU KEPT ME WARM! YOU SPOILED MY PLANS...



STRANGE MYSTERIES

...TIME CEASED IN
THIS BLACK WORLD
OF 'BROODING...
WELLS DID NOTHING
BUT PLOT HOW TO
STOP EXISTING...

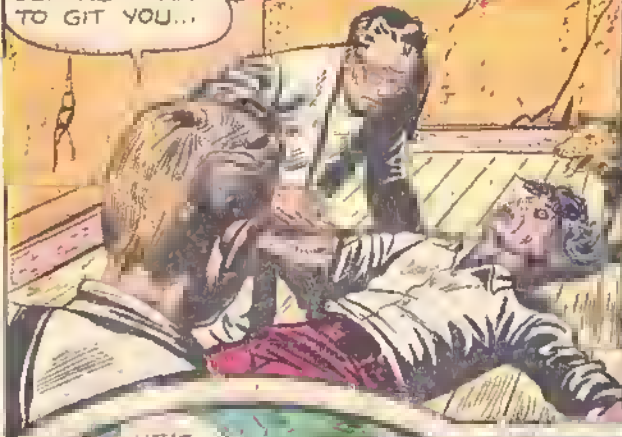
...I'LL THINK
OF SOMETHING...
SOME WAY...

...EVEN A
WARPED MIND
NEEDS SOME
NOURISH-
MENT... SOON
WELLS
SLUMPED TO
THE FLOOR
AND A
NUMB
STUPOR
OVERTOOK
HIM... HUNGER
WAS TO
SOLVE THE
PROBLEM...
BUT...



HIS DOG KEPT A'BARKIN'
AN' PULLIN' ME ALONG!
THIS IS THE WAY I
FOUND HIM, DOC,
BEFORE I RAN
TO GIT YOU...

JUST IN TIME, TOO!
THIS MAN WOULD
HAVE DIED IN
ANOTHER HOUR!



FEEL
BETTER
NOW,
FRIEND?

FRIEND! WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE TO ME,
CURSE YOU!

WHAT!



HE'S
MAD! WE
SAVE HIM AN'
HE ATTACKS
US!

RUN! THIS
IS GRATITUDE
FOR YOU! THE
MAN'S A DEVIL!

YOU BROUGHT 'EM
HERE, DIDN'T YOU?
BLAST YOU!



STRANGE MYSTERIES

THE EVIL WHEEL THAT
OGGED WELLS' BRAIN
HAVE ANOTHER TURN,
ND...

SO SIMPLE!
WHY DIDN'T
I THINK OF
THIS BEFORE?

DEATH
BY HIS OWN
KNIFE WAS
HIS NEXT
PLAN...

... RIGHT HERE BY THE
LAKE WHERE I CAN WATCH
MY OWN REFLECTION...
PERFECT!

GRRRR...

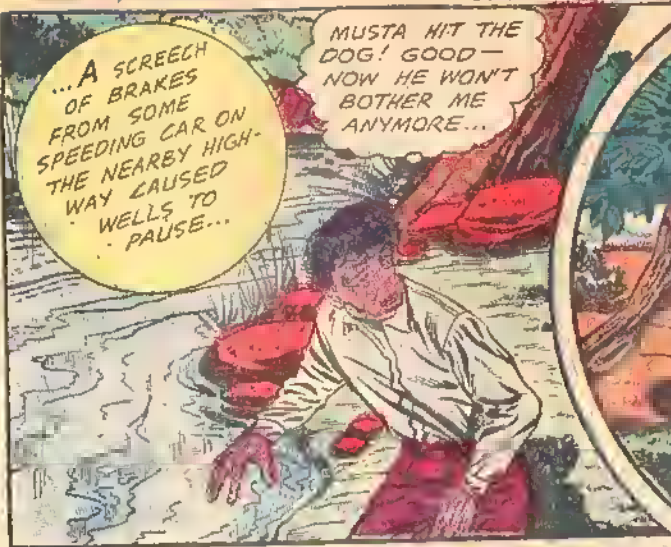
BUT
HE DOG
EAPED AT
DHN WELLS'
RIST....

YOU MANGY CUR! THE
WATER IS DEEP HERE...
HOW CAN I FIND
MY DAGGER?

YOU STOPPED ME
AGAIN! YOU'RE THE
CAUSE OF ALL MY
TROUBLE!

GO ON, GET!
KEEP GOING OR
I'LL STONE THE
LIFE OUT OF YOU!

... HE'S GONE... AND THE
LAKE IS JUST WHAT WILL
DO IT.. NICE AND DEEP...

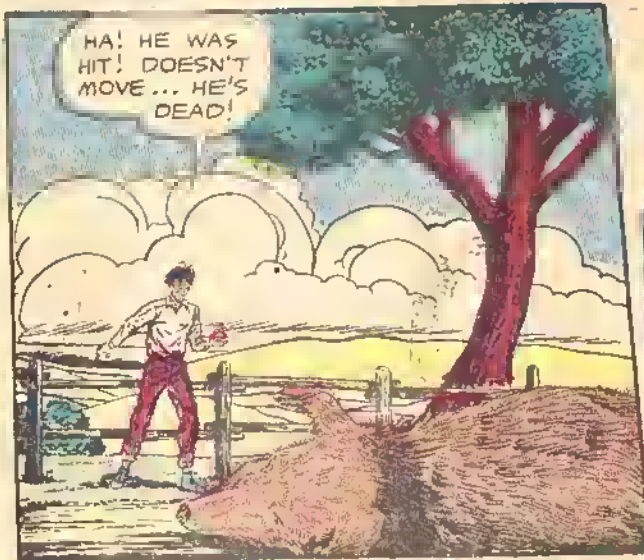


...A SCREECH OF BRAKES FROM SOME SPEEDING CAR ON THE NEARBY HIGHWAY CAUSED WELLS TO PAUSE...

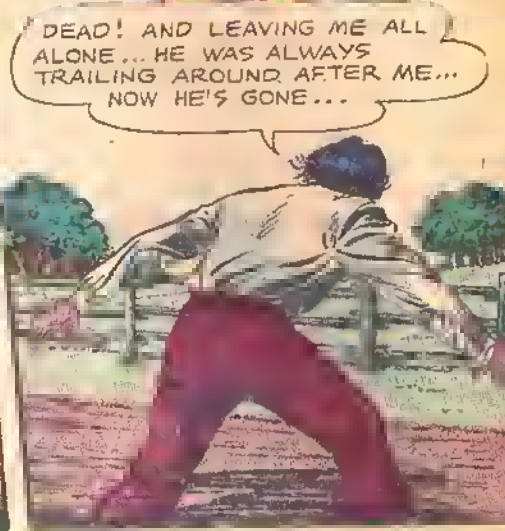
MUSTA HIT THE DOG! GOOD—NOW HE WON'T BOTHER ME ANYMORE...



I'LL MAKE SURE... DON'T WANT HIM SNEAKING BACK TO ME...



HA! HE WAS HIT! DOESN'T MOVE... HE'S DEAD!



DEAD! AND LEAVING ME ALL ALONE... HE WAS ALWAYS TRAILING AROUND AFTER ME... NOW HE'S GONE...

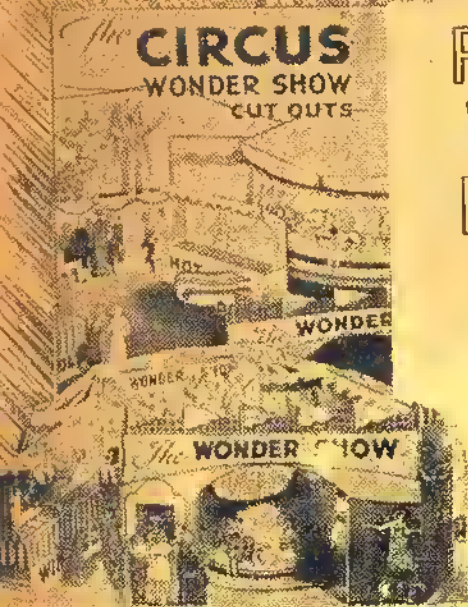
...JOHN WELLS WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN WHAT TO CALL THE EMOTION THAT PASSED FLEETLY THROUGH HIS BLACK-HEARTED THOUGHTS... BUT IT DID HAVE A NAME... PITY! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS CRIME-STREAKED LIFE, THIS EVIL MAN KNEW A DECENT REACTION...



MIGHT AS WELL GIVE HIM MY GRAVE... I WON'T BE USING THAT ONE...

...HOW RIGHT HE WAS, DEAR READERS... AS JOHN WELLS, APPROACHED THE GRAVE HE DUG FOR HIMSELF, HE STUMBLERD... THE FAITHFUL DOG, NOW STIFFENED IN DEATH, FELL FROM HIS ARMS AND WELLS SPRAWLED ON THE GROUND... MOTIONLESS FOREVER...





FOR ALL
WHOSE
HEARTS
ARE
YOUNG

at the
**LOWEST
PRICE
EVER!**

**TOY-TRAIN
CUT-OUTS**



1 CIRCUS The wonder SHOW

HURRY, HURRY, HURRY! See the WILD MAN from BORNEO, the daring BICYCLE RIDERS, the FAT LADY, the JOLLY CLOWNS, the INDIANS all dressed in costume. Take a ride on the MERRY-GO-ROUND or win a doll in the SIDE SHOW. The Wonder Show is full of thrills for children who like to work with their hands and put together the attractions that form THEIR OWN little Country Fair. All in full colours. Back of Picture in outline for painting.

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ALL ABOARD for the Circus. The TRAIN looks so real that you can almost hear the whistle all through the house and indeed you may hear it once Junior gets it all assembled. There is a Locomotive and Coal Car, Baggage Car, Coach Car, Mail Car, Signal Tower, Station Platform and Waiting Room, Water Tower and Flagman's House, all beautifully coloured.

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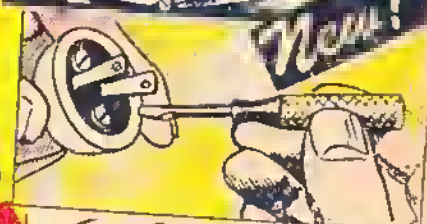
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